

The Prince and the Blacksmith: A romance

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Summary: The sweet scent of roses awakened Hiccup from his slumber and his eyes flicked open as he felt a tickling sensation upon his nose. Above him, none other than the prince had his legs wrapped around the ceiling beam above Hiccup's head. Jack held a rose by the end of its stem, tickling Hiccup's nose with the red petals, a lopsided smirk gracing his lips. "Hello."

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Summer blistered in the air and left swimming waves of clear heat that peasants waved their hands at and nobles waved their fans at. It was amidst this burning afternoon that Hiccup Haddock hefted a hammer and swung it down on scalding bronze, crafting a sword from the raw material. He reached up, swiping falling sweat from his brow and sighing audibly, twisting the handle of the blade in his hand. He stepped to the cooling pool as his family had, for generations, liked to call it and dipped it in, shrinking away from the sound and look of the steam.

He wrenched it back out after he'd felt it'd cooled long enough, blowing against the blade and carrying it to the nearest table, setting it down somewhere where it wouldn't burn through the wood. He plopped down at the bench and stripped the goggles from his eyes, pushing them back on his head and succeeding in mussing his hair into a mess of spikes where the band was. Three knocks came heavily against the door adjacent to him, causing him to narrow his eyes and shift them to the knob.

He stood with a strict stomp of his boots, groaning as though he was being inconvenienced immensely. He continued his stomp over to the door, though it wasn't all too menacing with one metal foot, knobby

knees, and too-thin legs, none of which having changed throughout his years up into adulthood. He curled his fingers around the handle and blew out a breath, pulling the door open and finding himself staring at exactly who he thought he would be. "I still have to sharpen it."

Blue eyes blinked blankly back, as if the man standing before Hiccup did not quite comprehend what he had just told him. Hiccup contemplated "if only for a single millisecond" hissing at him like an alley cat disturbed from nibbling at its afternoon meal. "Hey," He waved a hand in front of the other's eyes and scoffed. "Did you hear me?"

Jack Frost shook about his albumen locks before grinning widely, pure white teeth glinting in the sun behind him and from the windows inside. The prince slipped past Hiccup, hands clasped behind him around the staff that he seemed to be so attached to. He laid the stick against a wall before pacing to the table upon which Hiccup had put the sword he was crafting. Jack inspected it, an eyebrow raised as he found himself impressed.

Hiccup scoffed again and his brows knitted. "It is rude to walk into someone's house without being invited."

The prince turned and spun on a heel, falling to the bench where Hiccup had sat and crossing his legs. He cocked his head to one side and gave an innocent smile. "Your Highness."

"What?" Hiccup's mouth gaped.

"Address me as _Your Highness_." Jack gave a withering look and rolled his eyes over to the blade once more. He poked the hilt of it and nodded approvingly. "You've made some wonderful progress on this."

"Well, thank you." Green eyes dared to brighten the smallest amount and he came tentatively closer, his steps slow and wavering.

"You're welcome." Jack looked up at him and Hiccup immediately froze, causing a laugh to ripple forth from his lips. "I'm not going to throw you in the stocks or hang you for a good job, Hiccup."

"Oh, um," Hiccup ran a hand through his hair, knocking the goggles to the floor. He blinked and picked them up hastily; setting them on the table Jack sat at. He coughed and continued, "That's kind of you. Seeing as you've likely done worse for near heavenly deeds."

Jack burst into laughter again and clutched his mouth with a fingerless-gloved hand, Hiccup glaring at him all the while. When the prince finally recovered, he laid his hand on his knee with the other. "What do you have against me, Hiccup Haddock? What have I ever done to you?"

Hiccup swallowed and crossed his arms. "Well, you haven't done anything to me in particular. But you've never made the right decisions in this kingdom" "that is a fact. You always go for war or trade rather than contract" "

"Wow. It seems as though _someone_ is forgetting his place." Jack was smirking with eyebrows up in slight surprise.

"And you take all matters to beâ€"to be funny!" Hiccup pointed at him accusingly, then rolled his eyes and gestured to the sword. "I need to finish that. Allow me the rest of the afternoon and it will be ready. You can pick it up tomorrow or have one of the knights come down tonightâ€" "

"Hiccup," Jack sighed, beckoning him with a hand. "Come closer."

"No." Hiccup's eyes went a bit cold and he shrunk back, as though hiding from the hand calling him closer to Jack. "Just. Just get out. Goâ€"Go disrespect our kingdom and get a few tankards of wine. Your sword will be ready soon enough."

Jack's breath hitched and he glanced away, uncrossing his legs and getting to his feet. "Alrightâ€" |"

"Just go!" Hiccup swung his arm towards the door and pointed at it. "Get _out_!"

Jack grabbed his staff. And he couldn't leave fast enough.

* * *

><p>The sweet scent of roses awakened Hiccup from his slumber and his eyes flicked open as he felt a tickling sensation upon his nose. Above him, none other than the prince had his legs wrapped around the ceiling beam above Hiccup's head. Jack held a rose by the end of its stem, tickling Hiccup's nose with the red petals, a lopsided smirk gracing his lips. "Hello."<p>

Hiccup breathed in and out, eyebrows creasing with each outward breath as he tried to comprehend the situation. Upon registering everything, he plucked the dangling flower from Jack's hand and continued to stare at him. "What are you doing here?" He whispered.

"I'm asking you to rule with me." Jack whispered back.

"You're asking me to marry you?" Hiccup's voice went a bit louder in disbelief.

"I'm asking you to advise me." Jack cooed, causing the other to stare blankly. "Elope. Come to the castle and become a noble."

"I can't give up my job here. My father needs the money I make."

"Your family's needs will be met for generations, Hiccup Haddock. Run away with me." The last sentence came in a breathy, lost, and wistful whisper.

"And I will get a say in all matters of the kingdom?"

"Of course. That is why I've come to you." Jack slipped from the beam and fell beside Hiccup with a grunt.

"You're so graceful."

"You. Shut up." Jack groaned and rolled onto his back, eyes hopeful and slightly scared upon looking at the other. "Have we a deal?"

"I believe we doâ€|" Hiccup held up the rose and squinted at it. "You brought me a rose, though. It is red."

"It is." Jack snuggled up to Hiccup and his eyes slid shut. "Mind if I sleep here tonight?"

"Yes." He narrowed his eyes at the flower and gulped, looking to Jack who had already begun to drift off. "What do you mean by a red rose?"

"I meanâ€|" Jack yawned. "That perhaps I may ask you to marry meâ€| one dayâ€|"

Hiccup went to say something, but the prince was fast asleep. He continued to stare at the rose as his heartbeat thumped wildly and his stomach was filled withâ€| They felt likeâ€| butterflies? He glanced at Jack and then sighed softly, rolling over and laying the rose before his eyes. It took him what felt like hours before he drifted off as well, dreaming and wondering what the future held in store for him.

End
file.